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Wm Bronscombe 2 Jan 1907

Northern Messenger

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A Child's Cry.

'I once heard,' said Henry Ward Beecher, a cattle-drover of the Far West tell a story which widened my thoughts of God. Said he:—

'"I had to travel many miles from home across the prairie to the nearest settlement to sell fifty head of cattle, and I had promised to bring a present for my youngest child. I returned with my money upon me in pitch darkness, and in the loneliest part of the road I thought I heard a child cry.

'"I called, and it seemed to answer. I dreaded an ambush of Indians or robbers, but I thought it might be a child, and compassion conquered fear, so I groped my way to the cry and found a lost child moaning,

I THOUGHT I HEARD A CHILD CRY.

and sobbing in the dark and pouring rain.

'"I wrapped my coat round it and again started for home. When I arrived I could see that something was wrong, and that there was trouble there. But I opened my coat and said, 'I have found a poor little lost child. Take it in!'

'"Then I saw that it was my own child that had wandered out to meet me while her mother was at work, and had got lost on the prairie. And," he concluded, "I have often wondered how I could bear to live now if I had not let compassion conquer fear, and stopped when I heard that cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp."'

Yes; and what are we men and women but infants crying in the night, lost on the prairie of the world, in darkness, doubt, uncertainty, and fear? Our very need is a constant cry for help. Shall the heart of God our Father in heaven be less compassionate than that of the drover in the Far West?—'Friendly Greetings.'

God's Hand.

A Picture From Life.

(Translated from the Swedish by the Rev. M. J. P. Thing.)

'Indeed! for what are you punished? What have you done?' said the pastor to a man who came to him asking for money.

'I struck a man,' was the answer.

'Then you have broken the sixth commandment,' said the pastor, and before he could add anything more the man continued, 'Yes, but I had been provoked so long that I must strike. He had published my history, saying that I was untrustworthy, and so I gave him a thorough cudgelling. Then he informed respecting my. . . .' The man clinched his hands and his eyes glittered. 'He shall get everything again. He shall not forget me so easily.'

'But, dear friend, you must remember—'

'Yes,' answered the man, 'I shall remember that I lost work a long time, and the wife and child had nothing for themselves and no one helped them, and the winter was cold. No, no. . . .'

'You must still think yourself well off and remember that sin is sin.'

The man still insisted that he would not soon forget Hansson.

'Harden not yourself against God's Word and Spirit,' commanded the pastor; 'think of your wife and child.'

These words of the pastor seemed to reach the man's heart, and he took the pastor's hand while the tears came into his eyes.

'See here,' continued his pastor, 'you shall have a trifle for those at home,' and he gave the man a couple of crowns.

Henry Nelson, for that was his name, thanked the pastor and went away.

His pastor's words sounded in his ears, but hatred and revenge filled his heart. He seated himself upon a stone and wept aloud. 'I shall endure all this again,' he muttered frequently.

In the meantime, Nelson found work on this condition, that he should behave himself. He promised nothing additional. He was honest—but in secret he rebelled against such a proposition, and revenge rankled in his heart.

These evil thoughts especially came over him in the evening, when he sat at home. Then he was sullen and spoke few words, when usually he was very talkative and friendly with children.

'Henry,' said his wife to him on evening, when the baby was asleep, 'you ought not to indulge in such revengful feelings any longer. I am so afraid that you will go away and do something else. You must forget that now?'

'I forget' he answered. 'Do you think I can do that?'

'The pastor has been so good to us. Talk with him again and you will become calm in your mind.'

'No, no,' he answered, 'it is well enough for the pastor to talk so; it is his business; but there is no righteousness in allowing Hansson to go blameless for his reports. He injured me, and I do wish him harm.'

'Fye, shame, Henry! Don't talk so,' said his wife. 'Possibly Hansson is also sorry.'

Meantime, week after week passed away, and Nelson mused upon revenge constantly, and one day he determined to assault Hansson. He knew that Hansson came home late, and he could conceal himself by the roadside and watch for him.

Accordingly, he hurried to finish his work, so that he could go out to accomplish his purpose. He had only to chop a little straw for the horses and then he would be done.

'Whisch, whisch,' and the machine shaves the straw. Suddenly the machine stopped. He drew his hand to himself, and his eyes grew dim; he had cut off the four fingers of his right hand!

The physician dressed his hand and took him home, and Henry Nelson, on the evening when he thought to accomplish his revenge, lay white and faint in his bed. His wife, though dejected, could not do otherwise than thank God. She had feared the worst.

The next day some one knocked upon the door, and the pastor walked in. He had heard the report of the accident, and he wished to

know all the particulars. The wife was more than glad to see the pastor, but she cast a frightened glance towards Henry, since she desired he should receive this visit. Meanwhile, Nelson extended to the pastor his left hend and thanked him for his friendliness in visiting him.

The pastor seated himself as though he expected the injured man to say something. Then Nelson's lips quivered, and the tears fell from his eyes. He wanted to talk, but could not. He finally pointed to his wounded hand and said: 'God's heavy hand!'

'Nay, not God's heavy hand,' said the pastor, 'but God's merciful hand! It was He who was concerned with you to hinder you from sin. Is it not so?'

'Yes, yes,' replied Nelson, softly. 'I would have taken revenge, but God hindered me.'

'So His hand, which seems to us to be so heavy, can be used for happiness and blessing.'

'For blessing!' Nelson's lips quivered. 'For blessing, oh, God! But now, wife, child and myself must suffer want.'

'Trust in God,' said the pastor. 'He turns all things to good.'

The pastor talked thus with him for a long time, and Nelson gradually opened his heart to God's Word, and he confessed his sin. Some days afterward, he could get up, and as he sat one day upon the front porch, he burst into tears and said, 'What useless work! oh, God, what compassion!'

While he thus spoke, the door opened and his foreman stepped in. After he had conversed awhile, he said, 'Nelson must not take this matter so hard. I have sufficient work for Nelson with me.'

'There, you see,' spoke up his wife, 'God is so good. And I—I shall work twice as hard as heretofore. I am sure that, with God's help, we shall get along.'

At this time, another person entered the door. It had become so dark that one could not instantly tell who it was, but when the man came nearer, the wife exclaimed with astonishment, 'Nils Hansson!'

'Nils Hansson,' also said Nelson, and sprang from his seat.

'Yes, it is I,' said the man, softly. He stepped nearer and continued: 'You may hate me, if you will, but hear me out.' He then told them he had repented of having injured Nelson.

'And when I heard what a misfortune had befallen you, I came,' continued he, 'to offer you a part of my weekly wages.'

'Nils!' exclaimed Nelson, 'I am a thousand times worse than thou! I had evil designs against thee. Oh, let us not talk about it—here is my hand.'

Nelson laid his left hand in Hansson's, and from that hour was sealed a fast bond of friendship between the two men.

The pastor counselled rightly when he exhorted Nelson to trust in God. He and his wife suffered for nothing. Nelson soon learned to make his left hand do good service, and he is now a quiet, godly man who always has sufficient work.

But year after year he used to say, with tears in his eyes, 'God's hand!'

A Model Village.

In a slight hollow among the Surrey hills there stands a model village, which is approached by quite a private road, bounded on each side by grass paths (says a contemporary). The village is shut off from the outer world by gates. There is a village green, a a duck pond, a swing, a see-saw and even a set of stocks. The village also boasts of a quaint old inn, where no intoxicating liquors are sold, but where one can enjoy a very good tea whilst listening to the clang, clang of the blacksmith's hammer over the way.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

We have handed over to Dr. Grenfell for his work the sum of $1,772.39, being the total of the amounts acknowledged week by week in the 'Messenger.' Of this $1,000.00 is set apart for the building of a launch to be used in connection with Harrington Hospital, and $296.25 has been contributed by our younger readers for the equipment and maintenance of two cots there. The remaining $476.14 is placed at his own disposal for the general work, and is sent through the Montreal Association. These ladies have taken upon themselves to secure $2,000 yearly for the maintenance of the new Hospital at Harrington. The work will require constant attention, and they should receive the heartiest support from all those interested in the grand work among the sick and suffering of our coast lands. All subscriptions will be acknowledged by Miss S. Macfarlane, 753 Sherbrooke street, Montreal, and clothing, etc., should be sent to Miss Roddick, 80 Union Ave., Montreal.

LABRADOR FUND.

E. R. D. W., 50c:; Susan Morrison, East Mines Station, N.S., 60c.; Cloverknowe, Avening, $5; Proceeds of show given at 106 Arlington Ave., Westmount, $10.00; M.. McDonald, Embro, Ont., $5.00; A. M. Boosey, Embro, Ont., $4.30; total, $25.40.

ABOUT THE COT FUND.

We have received for this Fund in all $295.25 which we have now handed over to Dr. Grenfell. This sum is to equip and maintain two cots in the new hospital being built at Harrington. How many poor little children of the Labrador coast will find health and comfort in the little white cots it has been your privilege to help in providing, it is impossible to say, but that they will mean hope for some little sufferers who would have been almost hopeless without them, may be reasonably certain. You will not forget the little white beds in Labrador and their little white occupants.

[For the 'Messenger.']

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

Opening of V. I. O. S. Girls' School, Dhar, C. India.

Tuesday, the 10th of April, 1906, was an important day in the annals of the Christian community of Dhar. On that day two buildings were formally opened by His Highness, the Raja of Dhar, the one being an addition to the Hospital for Women, in the form of an operating room, with wards adjoining, and the other a new girls' school for the Victorian India Orphan Society. The latter building had been ready for some time, but owing to the absence of so many of the residents from Dhar, and the presence of other work, it had not been formally opened. In the meantime, however, it had come into use, especially in connection with the revival meetings which have been held continuously in it for the past three months.

As the two buildings to be opened were in adjacent compounds, it was decided, in order to save His Highness the Raja unnecessary trouble, to combine the ceremonies. The proceedings began with a dedicatory prayer by the Rev. D. J. Davidson. The Rev. F. H. Russell then addressed the Raja and those present, welcoming them on behalf of the Mission staff, and giving a brief account of the progress of the work of the Mission during the eleven years which have elapsed since its inception in Dhar. He referred to the interest which the late Maharaja of Dhar had always taken in this work, and the generosity which had always marked his attitude towards it, and expressed pleasure at the presence of the present Raja as an indication of continued interest and sympathy.

The Raja replied briefly, thanking the Mission for asking him to open these buildings, and assuring them of his interest in the work. He said: 'When I first received the kind invitation to perform the opening ceremony of these two institutions, I was very much in doubt whether the choice had fallen on a worthy head, when I knew that others more suotable for this occasion would be present. But after considering the kind feelings which you have always shown towards the Durbar and myself personally, I accepted it. I feel sure that I can say on behalf of the Durbar no less than myself, that those kind feelings are warmly reciprocated.

'Everybody in the Bazaar knows of the charitable works of the Canadian Mission, and every one who has ever come to them, whether as orphan, leper, or ordinary hospital patient, cannot fail to be grateful to them for their kindness, that true, unselfish kindness which does not expect anything in return.

'His late Highness always followed with much interest this work of charity, and I shall long hope to do the same. These extensions are yet another proof, if proof were needed, of the energy of the Mission. I trust that this surgical ward and operating room will long remain useful for the poor and distressed people, and that Miss O'Hara will remain many more years to preside over it. And now thanking you once again for asking me to perform this pleasant duty, I most gladly declare the operating room and girls' school open.'

His Highness then opened the door of the surgical building, and after viewing this, the party repaired to the School building, where the girls were gathered, arrayed in new saris for the occasion. The lateness of the hour did not permit of the performance of any programme, but the girls sang several action songs, concluding with one of farewell to the Raja and the others present. A few moments were spent in going over the school building, after which the Raja took his leave, and the people dispersed.

Address of the Sec.-Treasurer, 142 Langside St., Winnipeg.

Free Flags for the Schools.

CONTINUED ENTHUSIASM.

Since the reopening of our offer of Canadian flags for the schools of Canada, our Flag Department has been kept busy with applications for sample papers and flag cards, by schools that are only too glad to have this chance of getting a really fine flag, without paying one cent of money.

The following letter shows the satisfaction our offer has given in one school. As they had sent us a certain sum above what was needed for the flag, we were able to offer the choice of several patriotic books as an extra premium:—

Brooklet, Que., May 14, 1906.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Montreal, Que.,

Dear Sirs,—Received the flag to-day, in good condition. It is fine.

Kinkly send us the book of 'Canadian Poems' and drills. One of my pupils has taken up your 'pin' offer.

I shall give you an account of the flag raising later. Thanking you for promptness.

I remain, yours, etc.,

——————(Teacher.)

EVERY ONE DELIGHTED.

Victoria Road, Ont., May 7, 1906.

John Dougall & Son:—

Dear Sirs,—I received the Maple Leaf brooches, pins, badges and flags. They are lovely. All my friends were well pleased.

I remain, yours truly,.

LILY TRIPP.

N.B.—All club orders to be accompanied by the list of addresses to which we can send the papers. Persons ordering pins may, where they already get our papers, choose a friend anywhere in Canada to receive the month's FREE subscription to the two papers in their stead. This is a chance to interest your friends in what interests you.

BOYS AND GIRLS

St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

I.

THE COMING OF CECILIA.

Jim Belway, having wiped off one little pane of his tiny window, the better to peer through the rainy mist and the twilight gloom of the court, casually noticed that a new family was moving into No. 20, which was directly opposite his shop. Not that there was anything sufficiently novel in that to attract his attention—for outside of the few inhabitants who, having dwelt for years in the shadow of the Court, constituted its aristocracy, the population was very nomadic; even the aristocrats were not above frequently changing their domain from one tenement to tenement, or from apartment to apartment in the same house; but then moving, in the Court, was robbed of most of the features which make it dreaded outside, for it could be done with charming readiness, the household goods of the residents being restricted to those demanded by absolute necessity.

But there was a certain air about the operations going on across the way that held Jim's attention. Firstly, the commander-in-chief, or, perhaps more properly speaking, the commandress-in-chief, wore a waist whose warm crimson color lent an air of festivity to the proceedings; even her voice had a ring which bespoke conscious superiority to her surroundings. Secondly, a man was lifting into the hall a marble-topped table, a fact which needed not the seeing, for the crimson-garbed lady in the doorway was eloquently anxious about its safety, and loudly announced that it had once cost twelve dollars, and that not so very long since, either. When by knocking the precious table against the sill, the man was overwhelmed by a volume of fiery reproaches, Jim found the performance interesting enough to step outside the shop, where Mickey Daley was industriously sucking a lemon stick.

'And who is it that's moving in now?' asked Jim, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

'Who is it?' Mickey removed the stick of candy from his mouth. 'It's the Sweeneys, that's who.'

Neither of them had noticed the girl who was standing near them, holding by the hand a little fellow whose stout body and puffed-out cheeks stood out in amusing contrast to her own little thin figure and sharp pointed features; she turned at Mickey's short words, and, planting herself squarely before them, said curtly, 'Well, and what if it is?'

Jim, with that air of calm meditation which was his most distinguishing trait, calmly puffed on his pipe; but Mickey, who felt within him the soul-stirring independence of a free-born citizen, drew up his sturdy form firmly, and asked promptly, 'Say, do you know who yer sassin'?'

'No, I don't know who I'm sassin'!' If Mickey had thought to impress the girl by his cool assumption of grandeur, he had evidently failed, for her big eyes shot fire at him as she snapped back, and I ain't afraid to sass you back nor nobody else what lives in this Court!'

The pugilistic Mickey was quite unaccustomed to such fearless tones from any one his own size, particularly from a girl, so he took in the situation with rather a puzzled air that was not entirely lost on the girl, for with a magnificent toss of the head that reminded Jim vaguely of the lady in the scarlet waist, 'There ain't nobody in this Court what's any better than the Sweeneys!'

'Oh, ain't there!' Mickey's tone was full of fine irony. 'Well, maybe there's a lot what's just as good!'

'Maybe there is, and then maybe there ain't.' The girl turned her back ungraciously on Mickey, and jerking her thumb over her shoulder in his direction, spoke to Jim: 'Say, who's that, any way?'

Jim let his black eyes drift slowly over the child's indignant face, and took a long puff before he answered; then, without a twitch of his solemn face, he made them a courtly bow, and pointing to Mickey, announced, 'Mr. Michael Daley, ma'am, at your service. Now, who may you be?'

With a firm uplifting of her red-crowned head, and without one glance at Mickey, she introduced herself. 'I'm Cecilia Angelina Sweeney, that's who I am!'

'Holy Smokes!' Mickey sat down on the ground with a suddenness that boded ill for his spinal column, and mimicked the name in a high and shrill key. 'Cecilia Angelina Sweeney! Did you ever hear the likes of that for a name, now!'

'Well, it's just the likes of you that wouldn't be knowin' the name of a blessed saint!' Cecilia delivered her speech with a sarcastic emphasis that proved she knew what a master stroke it was. Jim tried not to smile as Mickey turned an awe-struck face to his.

'Say, Jim, did you'se ever hear of a saint named Cecilia Angelina?'

'And who said that any saint was called that?' demanded the girl fiercely. It was Cecilia that was a saint, and a fine one she was too! she was that fine it's no wonder the likes of you never heard of her! and Angelina is a name that my aunt what's dead read in a book; it's my aunt herself what's an angel now and so she knew it was a fine name. So there!'

If Cecilia's plan of reasoning was somewhat lame, Mickey did not discover it, but was reduced to a state of incoherent murmuring. Jim, to turn the tide of battle gave the little fellow, clinging to the girl's skirt, a playful poke, and inquired, 'And what's your name, now!'

'Puddin'!' The little one, feeling that he had been too long unnoticed, dug his hands into the depths of his dilapidated trousers, and shrieked forth the word in one staccato breath.

Jim shook his head. 'I say, what's your name?'

As if fearful that Jim's lack of understanding came from insufficient lung power on his part, the boy drew in his breath with a great gasp, and yelled, 'My name's Puddin'!'

Jim cast a reproachful look at Mickey, who was chuckling loudly, and spoke thoughtfully, 'That's a fine name, now! only I never heard it before.'

Mickey turned grandly to Jim then, and observed sarcastically, 'And didn't you ever hear tell of Saint Puddin'?'

'You—you——!' Cecilia stopped for lack of a word to express her contempt. 'It's makin' fun you are of the blessed saints! and I wouldn't be wastin' my breath on such as you!' Then she stopped to explain to Jim, 'His right name is Joseph Michael, but he's always been that fat and round that it's Puddin' he's always been called, and if ye never did hear tell of it before, it's a better name than some others I've heard tell of right here!' And with this parting shot, she went, and left them looking after her through the misty gloom.

Mickey followed Jim into the shop, and sat down on one end of his bench, while Jim reached up to light the lamp, which speedily threw a few cheery yellow gleams across the tiny room; but tiny as the room was, it was known to every child of the court as the only place holding a bit of cheer, in which they were welcome. What with the bench and the little stove, the room was quite crowded when Jim had even one visitor. A curtain, which made no pretense to being anything but an old quilt, was stretched across the rear end, shutting from view the cot on which Jim slept, and the nails holding his surplus wardrobe, consisting of a much-worn black coat, and his hat, which was worn on his weekly exodus from the Court. On the wall, there, by the cot, hung a picture, the only pretense Jim had ever made to elegance; it was only a photograph, and a rather faded one at that; the face was not even beautiful, but there was in it, when one looked close, a beauty that was hidden from the casual observer. The frame was of rich gilding—only Jim knew how many months of self-denial that frame had cost.

It would seem that self-denial was almost an impossibility for Jim, for what luxuries, nay, almost what comforts, could he deny himself? He worked, and ate, and slept within the narrow borders of the shop. Work was rarely plenty, and his income but sufficed to pay the rent and buy the little food he required; still he had but himself to provide for, and now and then a child, running in, would be offered an apple or a bit of candy. How could the child know that it had been treasured just for the satisfaction Jim would feel to see the little hands clutch the rare dainty? For Jim's most prominent trait was his absorbing love of childhood, and not a child in the dozens that swarmed in the Court but that knew it well. Was it morning? Not one went by without pausing to see if he were within. Was it night? They crowded into the shop, to hear a story, or at the very least, to hear a kindly word. Was there a quarrel amongst the children at the pump, the social meeting-place in the centre of the yard? Then Jim, when it grew noisy, had only to shout a sharp word from the doorway, for well they knew that he had no favors for any one who fought.

They had often asked him how old he was, and always came the same answer, 'How old could I be now if not as old as my thumb?' If you looked at his eyes, he was young! For in spite of constant use, they were bright and youthful. The fringe of hair that surrounded the bald spot on his head, was gray—his form, from bending so much over awl and needle, could no longer straighten out entirely; still, he could not be very old, for his voice rang clear, he could pitch marbles as well as the rest of them, and he could whittle the end of a piece of broomstick until it had eyes and nose and mouth, so that many a little girl expended on such a doll all the deep maternal longing which filled her childish heart.

And then, too, the children knew that, upon the shelf over the cot, was a pasteboard box, holding a flute. Sometimes, when he felt unusually good, he would take it down, and play a bit of melody that would make their feet tap on the floor in merry tune—then his black eyes would glow, and seem to grow blacker still, eyes, inherited, with his innate love of music, from his Italian father. But there was nothing Italian in the way he played 'Yankee Doodle,' while the audience shouted it forth with more force than melody; but there was a smoothness to his voice when he sang that may have come also from his father, for who, having come to earth under Italy's sky, failed to imbue the softness and richness and languor of the air? But with all the smoothness of his voice, Jim had dwelt too long within the Court not to have caught the prevailing speech, which would have made a stranger mark him as more Celt than Italian.

Perhaps he was thinking of all this just

now, for he let his hands fall idly in his lap, and observed to Mickey, 'The Yankee that's in me would be makin' me start to work, but the Italian wants me to be playin' a tune.'

Nothing could suit Mickey better. 'Sure, I'd help the Eyetalian knock the Yankee out!'

And forthwith, the Italian won the day, or rather the evening, for Jim played tune after tune, soft, plaintive little airs, and then sollicking dance tunes, until the bell of the church just without the Court began to strike.

Jim stopped long enough to say, 'Count 'em, Mickey.'

And Mickey counted until he reached ten, to Jim's dismay, who had forgotten the time, and to Mickey's also, who felt that, though he was very tired and sleepy, Jim's shop was preferable to the apartment, three flights up, in the rear of No. 8, where likely his father was drunk and quarrelsome.

II.

HOW CECILIA BECAME A SAINT.

The settling of a new home is hardly an arduous or lengthy task, when the household goods are few in number; so Mrs. Sweeney, rising the next morning, scarcely remembered that it was a new home, until she bumped her head against the projecting edge of the little mantel-shelf. Puddin', knowing well the probable effects of such an accident, promptly slipped out into the hallway, Cecilia, busy trying to make a fire blaze up in the miserably cracked little stove, only turned her head sharply at her mother's ejaculation and went on.

She felt her ear tingle with the unexpected blow, and, as if it were beneath noticing, she didn't answer the torrent of angry words.

'And if it's lighting the lamp you were right, it wouldn't be so pitch dark in here that I couldn't be seein' at all.'

Stumbling her way over to the little lamp, which, from the table, was trying to make its feeble rays pierce the gloom of the dawn, Mrs. Sweeney turned it up until it smoked and blackened the chimney. 'It's working and working and working I am every day of my life, to keep your mouths filled, and little's the thanks I'm likely to get from the likes of you.'

Cecilia threw her head back with an angry jerk. ''Tain't the filling of our mouths that's like to trouble you—it's the filling of that there.'

Mrs. Sweeney had little need to follow the girl's contemptuous glance, to where it rested on a bottle, half-filled, that stood on the shelf; it wasn't the first time that the ugly topic was broached and she quivered with a guilty start whenever Cecilia spoke of it. When her brain was clouded by the drink, she was as brutal and ugly as its slaves always are; but its mention, when its effect was over, fell upon her with a dread chill.

She murmured apologetically now, ''Twas only a wee sup I took last night, for my tooth that was achin' so bad.'

Cecilia dully shrugged hed shoulders, as she placed on the table the scanty breakfast, and called Puddin' in from the hall. The table, being minus one of its legs, was propped up against the wall, and, possibly after the fashion of the model French kitchen, was so near the stove that she could, from her seat, lift the pot of boiling tea back and forth. It seems an effort of Nature to preserve the eternal balance, that where there is a lack of food there is an overabundance of appetite, and vice-versa. Puddin', washing down the last mouthful of his bread with the rest of his tea, cast a longing glance at the piece that lay on Cecilia's saucer, and when she had silently given it to him, he still felt conscious of an unsatisfied spot. But, being entirely used to the sensation, he leaned back, and thoughtfully remarked, 'Say, Cecilia, when they treated us fellers in school that day, they give us plates to lay our bread on.'

(To be continued.)

The Holy Spirit.

Heb. iii., 7, 8.
The spirit saith, 'To-day
Hear God, lest growing hard
Your heart can nevermore obey,
Your ear no more regard.'

II. Cor. vi., 2
The Spirit saith, 'To-day
Is God's accepted time,
While His sweet joy-bells ring away
With mercy in their chime.'

Rom. viii., 16.
The Spirit whispers, 'Yea,
In every Christian heart
When God's dear children questioning say,
'Is mine the better part?'

Rev. xiv., 13.
The Spirit whispers, 'Yea,
In life or death how blest
Are such as give themselves away
To do God's will with zest!'

John xvi., 13, 14.
This is the Spirit's day!
With noiseless force He replies
Within our midst, and draws away
To Christ all willing eyes.

—Winnifred A. Iverson.

Willie's Trust.

'Have you heard the news, sir? Willie Oldham has got the fever,' and the speaker pulled himself up before the manly figure of a clergyman, who was hastening with rapid strides down the street.

'The fever!' exclaimed Mr. Eardley, stopping short also. 'Willie got the fever!' and an anxious look crossed his face.

'Yes, sir; and he's been taken to the hospital, though he ain't bad yet.'

'Then I must see him, and at once,' and Mr. Eardley set off towards the hospital where his young friend lay. 'He may soon be unconscious, and I must speak to him at once,' was the thought uppermost in the mind of the clergyman as he hastened on. 'If I only knew that Willie was safe, I should not fear.'

At last the hospital was reached, and Mr. Eardley followed the nurse to the ward where Willie lay.

A bright smile came into the flushed face as the well-known voice said.

'So you are laid up, Willie, and so suddenly, too; I have only just heard of it, and came at once to see you.'

'Thank you, sir,' was the lad's answer. 'Yes, it was very sudden; directly Mr. Ward found it was the fever, he said I must go to the hospital, so here I am,' and he tried to laugh.

'Willie,' said Mr. Eardley, kindly, 'you know quite well that in all probability you will soon be unconscious; are you afraid?'

A smile was the lad's answer.

'No, sir; I'm not afraid, and I'll tell you why—I'm trusting the Lord, sir. Before they brought me here, sir, Miss Alice came into my room, and she said to me: "Willie, before you leave us I want to give you a psalm to think of; it is the seventy-first, and will you take the first verse specially for yourself;" and then she said, "Can you say, 'In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust'?" Well, sir, I just gave myself then and there into the Lord's keeping, and now I can say, "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust," and I'm not a bit afraid now, sir, for the Lord will do all that's right for me.'

'Indeed He will, Willie,' replied Mr. Eardley, fervently. 'I am thankful, more thankful than I can say, to know you are trusting yourself, soul and body, to the Lord Jesus!' and after a few more words the clergyman left, fearing to excite the lad if he stayed longer.

Willie was soon unconscious, but Miss Alice's verse was always on his lips, and 'In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust,' was heard ringing through the ward. Day after day passed by, and the fever raged, till it was feared the lad's frame could not stand it much longer, and still the words were seldom off his lips—'In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.'

At last the crisis came, and Willie lived—lived to utter his well-known cry, and then to fall into a gentle sleep.

Among his many friends there was none more glad to hear he was out of danger than Mr. Eardley, who, as soon as the lad was strong enough to receive visitors, went to see him. How changed he was, so white and weak, but the old, bright smile was there

And He did Help Her.

An old lady, who remembers when the late Queen Victoria came to the throne, gives the following account of the reception of the news in a country town: 'When Princess Victoria was nineteen, and I some five years younger, I was sitting in a front window-seat in a provincial town preparing my dolls for bed, when by attention was arrested by the very earnest tone of two men talking in the street. One said: "He is gone, neighbor." "Is it sure?" "Yes, he's gone, and that poor child is coming in for all this tremendous responsibility. We must pray for her, neighbor." "Ay, we must pray." I ran down to tell mother what I had heard. She said, "It must be the King who is dead, and the dear young princess is now Queen. God help her! Yes, we must pray for her." And that evening when we met the servants for family worship, my mother told them what she thought, and all prayed for the young Queen. And this was the spirit in which our beloved Queen was received to her throne and her people's hearts. Even now after sixty-two years' reign her people associate prayer with her very name—"the Queen, God bless her." '—'English Magazine.'

Hon. John Wanamaker is reported as saying, in reference to Sunday-school work and workers:—'We have the best end of it. When you save a man or woman, you save a unit; but when you save a boy or girl you save a whole multiplication table.'

NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about **three** months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at **TEN** cents each.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it while the story runs at the rate of **FIVE** cents per scholar in quantities of ten or more.

PLEASE SHOW this to your Minister, Superintendent or some other friend.

Messrs.
John Dougall & Son,
Publishers,
'Witness' Building,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—
I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

Name of new Subscriber.....

Address.....

still, as he stretched out his hand eagerly, saying:-

'I trusted Him, sir, and He has brought me safe through; and now I can say more gladly than ever, 'In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust."'

'Thank God!' said Mr. Eardley. 'And He has given you back your life, to use for Him, Willie.'

'Yes, sir; and I'll go on trusting Him still.'

And he did. Willie has gone on trusting his Master, and walking with Jesus daily. He is learning how true the Lord's promise is, that 'Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.'

I wonder if you know Willie's Friend, and can say, 'I have found a Friend in Jesus?' I wonder if you can say, 'In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust?'—'My Paper.'

The Outcast.

(Concluded.)

He cleared his throat again, and this is the document he read. I give it word for word as it lies on my desk before me now.

'I, Robert Lawrence Angus, of Cairn-Nethan, in the county of——, being in my sound mind and judgment, do declare this to be my last will and testament, which shall set aside and make null and void every other document whatsoever.

'First of all, to the Guardians of the poor of the parish of Cairn-Nethan, in return for what they have done for and paid to me. Every penny I received I have tabulated on a separate slip of paper, and it amounts to one hundred and seventy-nine pounds, ten shillings, the same to be paid back to them, with ten per cent. for interest added, and a further sum of five hundred pounds to be set aside for the use and benefit of the next needy man who may enter the parish and remain in it to need their help. To William Muirhead, Inspector of Poor, one hundred pounds, in recognition of the kindly way in which he paid me the parish dole, never throwing it at me as a bone might be thrown to a dog; and if there were more like him the life of the respectable poor would be less intolerable than it sometimes is.

'To the Rev. Cosmo Wingate, minister of the parish, one hundred pounds, in token of regret that I so ill-requited the ministrations he would have cheerfully bestowed on me.

'He means no ill. It was not his fault that he could not read between the lines and discern a stricken soul instead of a renegade one.

'To Mary Dougall, that keeps the Berlin wool-shop in the Castle Wynd, five hundred pounds, to be invested in certain securities which shall be named in a separate slip of paper. This for her true Christian kindness to an old man in need, she having given him garments when he needed them without saying a word to a soul about it.

'To Tibbie Soutar, that keeps the toll-gate at Upper Nethan, fifty pounds, and another five pounds to pay for the tobacco she has given to me from time to time, out of her own slender store.

'To Alexander Fife, that has the little lame laddie at Peffer Mill, five hundred pounds, to be invested for the bairn, and fifty pounds besides to be expended entirely and at once in taking the very best advice that can be got for him in Edinburgh or London. And I would mention the name of Armitage, that is the Professor of Surgery at King's College, in London, who, if the name of Robert Lawrence Angus be mentioned to him, will take a special interest in the case.

'To Isabella Whamond, the little dressmaker in East Street, twenty pounds a year as long as she lives, and her cottage to be kept in repair for her by them that disburse the money to her. This for a certain kind word she once spoke unwittingly to me, and for the things I have heard that she will do for folk, though poor and hardworking, and often ailing herself.

'To Peter Given, the Nethan smith, five hundred pounds, to put his son Peter through the college at Edinburgh. He is a lad of parts, and will do credit to the name he bears. Also he will never need to be ashamed of his father, who is one of the few gentlemen the Almighty sends into the world ready-made.

'Finally, the bulk of my estate to Mrs. Hugh Campbell, of Ewe-Nethan; she will know what for. And I pray that she may be long spared to rule in the dreary house that she has redeemed from the pit, and that she may have bonnie bairns to comfort her even as she has comforted me. And if it should be that she could spare among them one to whom she might give the name of Robert Angus, his father consenting when he knows the whole inwardness of him who proffers such a strange request, then the man who now gladly lays down the burden will feel that a name once honored will not have died clean out of the land like the beasts that perish.

'Finally, to Henry Kirkland, the lawyer, a hundred pounds, provided he sees that all these bequests are paid, and that justice is done, that justice I have been seeking so long, and which I have been cheated of to the last.'

He laid down the paper and looked at me, and I at him.

It was undeniably a document of surpassing interest, and the hearing of it had filled me with extraordinary wonder. But never, no, never for a moment, could I, or did I, take it seriously.

'Well?' he said, with a strange dry smile. 'What do you think of that for a will.'

'It's a very good will, a very good will indeed.'

'And you will undertake to see it become law when the man who made it is under the sod?'?

I rose up and took a step near to him.

'Look here, my man,' I said bluntly, 'Is this a romance with which you have amused yourself in your loneliness, and with which you would now seek to amuse me?'

'It is no romance, sir. I will leave my bag and all its contents here for you to study at your leisure. And when you have mastered it all and have a mind to discuss the matter with me, you can send me a message to the Watergate Cottage, and I will come at your bidding.'

'Very well,' I said, 'I will look into the thing to-night, and if you like you can come for my answer to-morrow at the same hour.'

He smiled a satisfied smile, as one who has obtained his heart's desire, and bidding me good-day, took himself away. Before I touched the bag I stepped towards the window to watch my strange client go down the street. I saw that he walked very feebly with his head bent, and I felt a sudden compassion for him, and was glad that I had not flouted or made scorn of his poor little romance.

As it happened, the last hour of the business day was fully occupied, and I had no further time to think of my poor client until the office was closed. Then I took his bag with me upstairs to the house, and after dinner sat down to acquaint myself with its contents.

As I examined one by one the documents therein I became helpless with incredulous amazement. Yet the things were real enough, undeniable proofs not only that he possessed the means to will as he had intended, but far beyond it. As I examined with critical eye the bonds, and securities, and vouchers I realized that even after all the handsome bequests were paid the last legatee, the Laird's wife would benefit to the extent of a good many thousands. The mystery of it all so held and enchained me that I felt an insane desire to rush to the Waterside Cottage and demand of my strange client what could be the meaning of the extraordinary way in which he had conducted himself in our midst for the last twenty years. Why one entitled to hold a decent and important place in the world of men, should voluntarily have become an outcast, a butt for the jibes and half-contemptuous pity of his fellow-men. Among the many papers I came upon one, sealed carefully in many places, and written on the outside, in a clear, legible scholarly hand: To be opened after the death of Robert Lawrence Angus, by Henry Kirkland, who has permission to make any use of it that may commend itself to his judgment.'

I laid it down and half rose to my feet. I would go to the Waterside Cottage and try to get some further light on this inexplicable mystery. But it was a cold night, and the warm fireside chained me. So I let the opportunity pass, the one opportunity that never came again.

Next day, when a neighbor missing the sight of the old man about the garden, and feeling suspicious of the drawn blinds and closed door, made forcible entrance, only to find him apparently asleep on his bed. But it was the sleep of death.

The story that was set down in the sealed packet will add another to these strange records which put fiction to shame.—David Lyall, in the 'British Weekly.'

How we Spent a Rainy Sunday.

One rainy Sunday I was spending a little time in a family where there were a company of very interesting children. We had played and sung hymns, and told tales, what else could we do?

'Suppose we try and quote a text for every letter in the alphabet, and the result was as follows:—

A. 'All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth.'

B. 'Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.'

C. 'Come unto Me.'

D. 'Deliver me, O my God.'

E. 'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'

This was followed by a very appropriate one.

F. 'Fight the good fight of faith.'

G. 'Go, work to-day in My vineyard.'

H. 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'

I. 'I, if I be lifted up . . . . will draw,' etc.

J. 'Joy cometh in the morning.'

The next letter was a little puzzling; but some one soon suggested,

K. 'Keep thy heart with all diligence.'

L. 'Little children, love one another.'

M. 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'

N. 'Now is the accepted time.'

O. 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.'

P. 'Pray without ceasing.'

Then came that awkward letter Q.

Q. 'Quicken Thou me.'

R. 'Rest in the Lord.'

S. 'Show me Thy way.'

A rather curious one was given for T.

T. 'Thou shalt take thy rest in safety.'

U. Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.'

We were getting among some difficult letters now, but safely finished the alphabet thus:—

V. 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'

W. 'Wait upon the Lord.'

X. 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

Y. 'Yet there is room.'

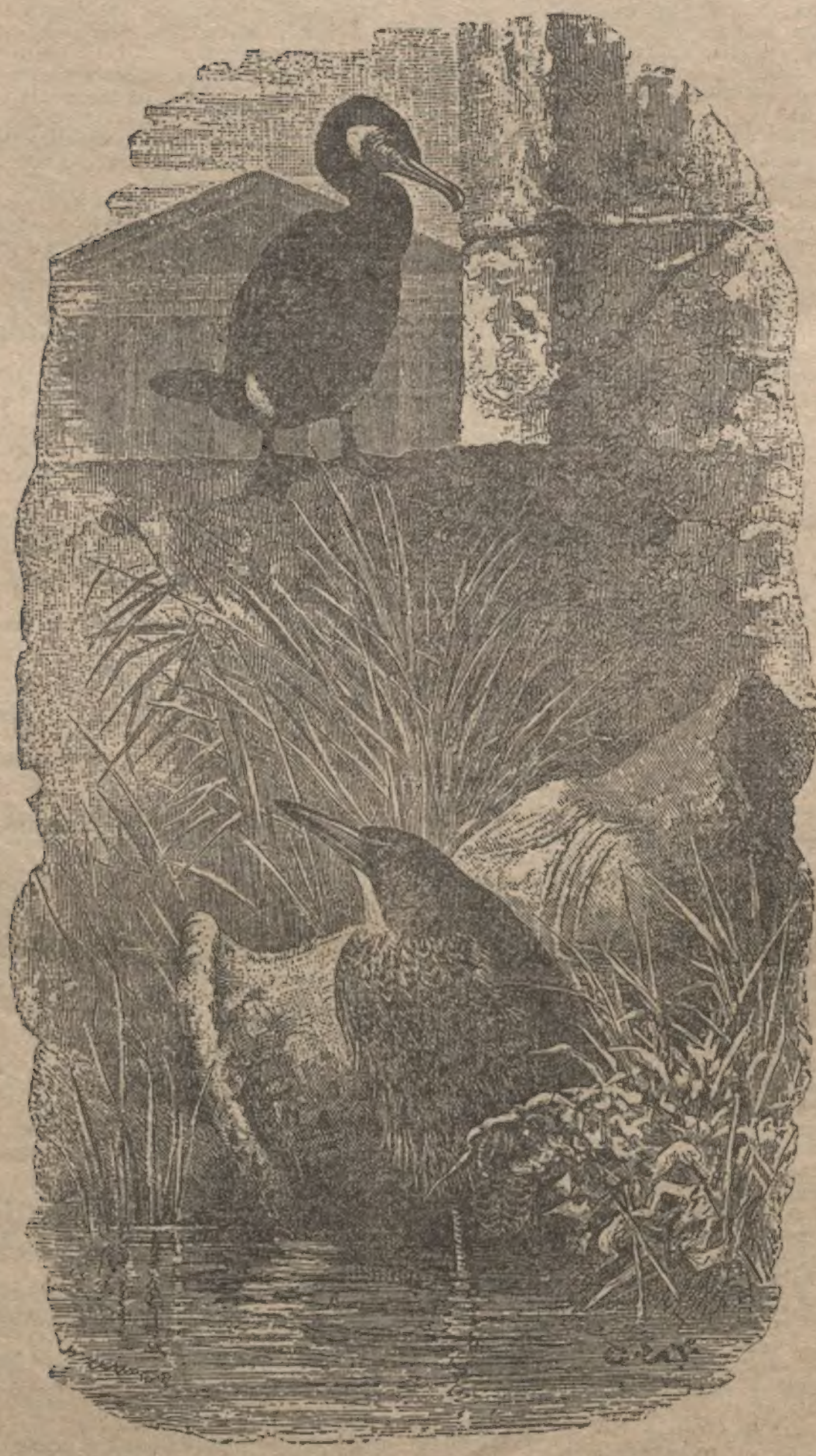
Z. 'Zaccheus, make haste and come down.'

Now, I wonder if any of my readers could find some or all of these verses in their Bibles?

Sure it was Right.

'If I only was sure that is right!' whispered Sam to himself, after he had finished his sum and was about to take it up to the teacher. 'Pooh!' whispered Dick over his shoulder; 'take it up. She's too busy to look at it closely, and won't know whether it is right or not.'

'What did you tell me that for?' Sam demanded of Dick when they went out to recess. 'That's the way to get along easy,' answered Dick. 'But it isn't getting along easy that I'm after; it's being and doing right. If my work isn't done right, it won't do me any good to have it passed by the teacher. I want to be sure I'm right.'—'Record.'



Birds of the Marsh.

Jerusalem swarms with birds of the crow tribe, and they are everywhere harbored as welcome guests by the natives, for they are the city's ablest scavengers.

The bittern is another species now rare in England, but once common enough in the fens and marshes before they were reclaimed. Few birds are more shy and retiring and shun the presence of man more carefully than the bittern.

The cormorant also is a bird of Palestine as much as a bird of England, and visits the sea of Galilee and the valley of the Jordan, as well as the coasts.

These last two species are birds held typical of desolation, and as such are alluded to in several places in the Bible. 'The cormorant and the bittern shall possess it, the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it.' And again: 'He will make Nineveh a desolation . . . both the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it: their voice shall sing in the windows.'

The common heron also lives in Palestine as well as in England. He is, perhaps, the best known of all our larger birds, and may often be seen flying lazily home at nightfall, or standing in moody contemplation by the water-side, waiting and watching for his finny prey.

Why She Couldn't Say Her Prayers.

Last night in the early twilight,
Came my little one to my knee,
With 'Papa, I's dreffle s'eepy,
An' tired as I tan be
'Ou say my p'ayer, p'ease, papa,
For me, dest 'is one time.'
And she knelt down by the knee
That she was all too tired to climb.

The moonlight wove a halo
Round the nodding little head,
And the drowsy lids drooped lower
As 'I lay me down' was said.
And before the prayer was ended,
And the Lord was asked to keep
Through the night the child He gave me,
She was very fast asleep.

When she came to me this morning,
With a hug and kiss, said she:
'I fank 'ou lots, dear papa,
'Tause 'ou said my p'ayer for me.
When I dets dreffle s'eepy
It bozzers me to pray,
'Tause my eyes dest won't stay open,
So I tan't see what to say!'
—Eben E. Rexford.

For a Yellow Dog's Sake.

A quarter after nine every morning an important ceremony took place in Roy Gilman's school-room.

At a quarter after nine, every morning, Miss Fletcher, Roy's teacher, handed a note for the principal to each pupil who had done especially well the day before. These notes the children carried to the principal's office, where they found pupils from other rooms bearing similar notes.

When Principal Thompson had read a note, he knew just how the bearer had earned the honor, and he commended him. After he had read all the notes, he shook hands with each boy and girl, and said he hoped to see them again. Then the children went back to their respective school-rooms. And before

night everybody had heard who had gone from each room, and the room sending the greatest number was proud of itself.

The notes were not bestowed only on those who had a high standing in their studies; if they had been, some pupils would have gone to the office every day, while others would never had got there.

Those pupils whom Principal Thompson wanted to see were the girls and boys who had done the very best they could.

For instance when Dennis Deckerman, who was so full of fun that he couldn't seem to sit still five minutes, and so full of fun that he was laughing most of the time—when this lively young man was quiet and orderly for a whole day, he got one of the little white notes the next morning. Then Principal Thompson was so pleased that he clapped Dennis on the shoulder and said, 'Good for you Deckerman!' just as if Dennis had been a grown-up man.

That same morning, Gertrude Dodge, who had such a hard time learning to spell, was commended for having written correctly every one of the ten words in yesterday's lesson.

And when Charley Brooks, who hated to get out of bed in the morning, wasn't tardy for a week, he received a note to take up to the principal's office.

Finally, Roy Gilman thought there was a chance for every one but himself. Roy was average 'good' in everything. Spelling wasn't hard for him, no one was surprised at his behaving well in school, and his mother always saw that he started from home early enough. It was almost time for the summer vacation to begin, and he had not received the desired invitation to Principal Thompson's morning reception.

When the honor did come to Roy Gilman, some time in June, it was entirely unexpected.

The first week in June had been unusually warm; and, when a brisk thunder shower came up Thursday morning, every one was relieved. It washed the heat right out of the air, and the children who had been lounging listlessly in their seats sat up straight and drank in the cool freshness. At recess the rain was still coming down briskly, and the pupils gathered at one of the windows.

'I'm glad the rain came on account of the dogs,' said Roy.

'On account of the dogs?' repeated Dennis Deckerman. 'What are you talking about, Roy Gilman?'

'My uncle Tom told me about it last night,' explained Roy. 'He says that dogs need lots of water to drink, and that sometimes in the summer they can't find any at all—dogs that haven't a regular home, you know. He said that yesterday he was going along the street near his office when he heard some one call, 'Mad dog!' and everybody just ran. Then the next minute a poor little yellow dog came tearing along, and his tongue was hanging out, and he looked dreadful. It wasn't any wonder that people were frightened, Uncle Tom said. But Uncle Tom knows about dogs, and he hurried into his office as fast as he could, and came out with a basin of water, and whistled. That dog came running, and 'most tumbled into the basin, he wanted the water so badly. The people all said. 'Why, he wasn't mad after all!' and Uncle Tom said. 'No, he wasn't mad at all: he was just crazy for water.' You see it had been hot all day, and there wasn't a place, not a single place where a dog could get a drink down in that quarter of the town.'

The children looked sober over this story. Many of them had pets of their own, and they all loved dogs.

Roy went on; 'Uncle Tom says he is going to keep a bucket of water outside his office all summer, somewhere where people won't stumble over it, and then the poor dogs won't get chased and have stones thrown at them when all they want is a drink of water. I was wondering if we couldn't keep some in our yards for the dogs up town.'

'I will for one,' declared Dennis Deckerman. 'There isn't a fountain anywhere near my house where a dog could get a drink.'

'And I'll keep a low dish of water out by our back gate so the cats can get at it, for they need water just as much as dogs do,' said Gertrude Dodge.

Then the gong sounded and recess was over.

By the time the children went home that night every boy and girl in the room had promised Dennis and Roy to keep a drinking place for the dogs full of fresh water as long as the hot weather lasted.

The next morning, when Miss Fletcher handed out the notes to be carried to the principal, she gave one to Roy.

'I recommend Roy Gilman for commendation because of his especial thoughtfulness of our animal friends,' Miss Fletcher's note ran.

Principal Thompson smiled at the surprised expression on Roy's face.

But the principal seemed to know all about it; for he said, as he shook hands with Roy, 'That was a good thought of yours, Roy; and I can promise you that I'm going to see that the dogs in my neighborhood don't suffer from thirst.'—Mary Alden Hopkins, in 'Little Folks.'

Pigeons Out Walking.

(By Josephine Preston Peabody, in 'Harper's Magazine.')

They never seem to hurry, no
  Even for the crowd.
They dip, and coo, and move so slow,
  All so soft and proud!
You can see the wavy specks
Of bubble color on their necks,
  —Little, little cloud.

Cloud that goes the very way
  All the bubbles do:
Blue and green, and green and gray,
  Gold, and rosy too.
And they talk as bubbles could,
If they only ever would
  Talk and call and coo!

—Till you try to catch one so,
  Just to make it stay
While the colors turn: but oh,
  Then they fly away!
All at once—two, three, four, five—
Like a snow-storm all alive,
  Gray and white and gray!

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Correspondence

K.

Dear Editor,—Every Sunday I go to Sunday school I get the 'Northern Messenger,' and we all think it a very nice paper. I will try to describe the village of K., which is on the Grand Trunk Railway. It has a fine large Town Hall, two hotels, three churches, a good-sized brick school, two saw-mills, a creamery, and a number of stores. When the Indians came to K., they named the river which flows through K. 'Burnt' River, because the water was so black and deep. It has so many rapids and falls on it that boats cannot travel on it. K. is noted for its rocks and hills. One can scarcely go anywhere without having to climb a hill. In winter they are splendid for sliding and sleigh-riding. About two miles from K. is the junction. The Irondale, Bancroft and Ottawa railway connects with the Grand Trunk Railway. There are some pretty places near K. The High Falls and the Little Falls are favorite spots for picnics, etc. In the spring beautiful wild flowers are to be found there. There has not been so little snow here as there was this winter for a long time, and skating was not so good as usual. Some of the drawings on the Correspondence Page are splendid, I think, and it has made it much more interesting. Do any of the readers like Kate Douglas Wiggins' books? I think 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' is good, and so is 'The Birds' Christmas Carol.' Do any of the readers of the Correspondence Page collect picture postcards? If I see this letter printed, perhaps I will write again.

'LOYOLA.'

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at Sabbath school, and we all like it very much. I live in a brick house a little piece from the village of F. There is a mill pond behind our house. There are a lot of trees round my home, and when there is a picnic it is always held here.

Z. L. Foster asked in the 'Messenger' 'How many words are in the Bible.' I think the answer is seven hundred and seventy-three thousand six hundred and ninety-two. I am ten years old, and my birthday is on Aug. 23. Here is another question: 'How many letters are in the Bible?'

MARGARET McGOWAN SHIPLEY.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday school, and like it very much. I have one brother and two sisters. I live on a farm. I have three pets, two birds and a cat. My cat's name is Tiger. I go to school, and am in the fourth grade. I have read quite a number of books. The names of some are, 'Black Beauty,' 'Two Little Tins,' 'The Artist's Loan,' 'Benjamin Bolt's Boys,' 'The Man of the Family,' 'Dad's Dorothy,' 'The Lost Letter,' 'The Water Babies,' and a number of others. Joseph asked a question, what Psalm in the Bible has only two verses. It is the 117th Psalm, I will try to answer some riddles. What can run, but cannot walk. Ans. 'Water.' What has a tongue, but cannot talk. Answer, A sleigh. What is sweeter than honey and stronger than a lion. Answer, Love.

L. C. (age 11).

[The last question asked is the answer to Samson's riddle, 'Out of the eater came forth meat,' etc., and therefore needs no answer.—Cor. Ed.]

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I enjoy reading the correspondence page very much. I have read a few books, the names of some of which are: 'George Washington,' 'Lady of Province,' 'Cherries are Ripe,' 'Alec Green,' 'Yussuf the Guide,' and many others. I have two rabbits and one cat. My sister had two pigeons, but they left her. I think the answer to Grace H.'s riddle is: A man sat on a three-legged stool, with a leg of mutton in his lap. In comes a four-legged dog, and runs away with the leg of mutton. Up jumps the two-legged man, catches up the stool, and throws it at the four-legged dog, and makes the dog bring it back.

ALICE T.

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' I enjoy reading the correspondence page, and all the rest of the 'Messenger.' I have read a number of books. Some of them are called: 'Black Beauty,' 'Doris Cheyne,' 'Tip Lewis and his Lamp,' 'Aunt Mildred's Treasure,' some of the 'Elsie' books, 'The Little Pilgrim,' 'Bonnie sweet Robin,' 'For the sake of a name,' Nursury tales, and others. I am very fond of reading. I live on a farm. I go to Sunday school, which is two and a half miles away, and I also go to school, that is a mile away. I got into the fourth book at Christmas. I have six brothers, but no sisters. My two youngest brothers are twins. We have two pups. We moved on this farm two years ago last fall. I am eleven years old. I have seen a number of riddles in the 'Messenger,' and I think I will give the answers to some, and ask some. In April 6th paper, Ethel Bailey asked: How would you make a slow horse fast. The answer is, tie it to a post. And another asked by V. B., the name of the scholar is Andrew. The riddle was: As I was going over London Bridge I met an English scholar, and drew off his hat and drew off his glove, and what was the name of the scholar. My birthday is on July 8. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is the same day. We have taken the 'Messenger' for seven years or more.

MARIA MILLS.

H. C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I have three sisters and two brothers. Two of my sisters are twins, and my oldest brother and I are twins. Our birthday is on the same day as E. Donaldson's, Oct. 11th, and my oldest sister's is on the same day as Jessie Robb's, Oct. 29; her name is Jessie. My twin sisters' birthday is on May 17th. I am going to try to answer some of the riddles that I saw in the 'Messenger.' I think the answer to Eva M. Nichols's is a churn. Sarah E. Paul's, a candle, and E. Donaldson's, a river. Addie Ellis's, tobacco, and Willie MacDonald's the letter M. I think music is the word which, when a letter is deducted will make you sick (u sick).

C. MacD. (age 12).

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I think it a lovely paper. I like to read the correspondence page. But the stories are just as nice. I go to school, and am in the senior fourth class. I have read a great number of books. A riddle given in one of the papers was: If a cow and a half cost a dollar and a half, how much would three cows cost?

MARY FREE.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Barometer.' John Cambridge, S., N.B.
2. 'Owl.' Ross Pangbarn (6), A., Mich., U.S.A.
3. 'Dick.' Hazel R. Darby, S. R., Que.
4. 'Man in boat.' Ross Pangbarn (6), A., Mich., U.S.A.
5. 'Greyhound.' David Smith, C., Shetland, Scotland,.
6. 'Pet deer.' Alfred Smith (12), N., Ont.
7. 'Ready for a shower.' Gladys Love (6), N., Ont.
8. 'Zebra.' Harold McKay (11), G.R., N.S.
9. 'Windsor Castle.' Edgar W. Stone, H., Ont.
10. 'Fairview home.' Lyall Love (8), N., Ont.
11. 'Kitty and squirrel.' Nellie Lebieck, D., Ont.

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LESSON XII.—JUNE 17, 1906.

The Transfiguration.

Luke ix. 28-36.

Golden Text.

This is my beloved Son: hear Him.—Luke ix., 35.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 11.—Luke ix., 28-36.
Tuesday, June 12.—Luke ix., 37-45.
Wednesday, June 13.—Matt. xvii., 1-13.
Thursday, June 14.—Matt. xvii., 14-23.
Friday, June 15.—Rev. i., 10-20.
Saturday June 16.—Mark ix. 1-13.
Sunday June 17.—Mark ix. 14-32.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The setting suited the gem. The dazzling whiteness of everlasting snow; the immovable might of rocky barricade; the solemn arch of night—a more appropriate environment for the most lovely and majestic of scenes can not be imagined. Purity, power, solemnity, were in the face of nature as she beheld her Creator's deification. . . . It was a week after Peter's confession of the Messiah's divinity and Jesus' revelation of the suffering in store for Him—a week spent in the same locality, and crowded with converse about these matters—that the Master went up at night into one of nature's oratories, some spur of Mt. Hermon. He took with Him the three most advanced of His disciples, the dominant spirits of the apostolic college—the Rock-man and the Sons of Thunder. . . . Lifted toward heaven and above the possibility of intrusion, the four bowed in prayer. Then, as afterward in Gethsemane, the Saviour went apart for a season of personal communion with His Father, and the apostles wrapped themselves in their outer robes and fell asleep. Possibly in that darkest hour just before the dawn they awakened with an intuitive apprehension of something preternatural transpiring. They saw a sight of fadeless splendor. A third of a century afterward Peter wrote of it as if it had transpired the day before. . . . The form of the servant, in which Jesus had condescended to cloth Himself thirty-three years before, was now dissolving. The fullness of the Godhead was unveiled. He shone, not like Moses, with a reflected light; like the sun, his radiance was self-derived. His seamless robe became a web and woof of electric light, His countenance like snow on which the sun is shining, or like the sun itself in meridian. But language of earth is bankrupt in effort to describe that scene. . . . The etherealized body of Jesus rises, and two holy ones come from glory to meet Him in the air. The souls of the apostles, keyed up to the occasion, recognize the visitants as the one the man of Sinai; the other the man of Carmel—the founder and the restorer of Israel. The subject of their conversation is the same as that which Jesus had had with His disciples at the base of that very mountain—the cup He was so soon to drink, the baptism He was to be baptized with, the exode He was soon to make. . . . Peter, in the ecstacy of his joy, burst in upon the conversation of the immortals. The woody slopes, with their wealth of cedar boughs, suggest the improvising of hasty shelters after the manner of the Tabernacle feast-time. He will fain prolong this scene until all Israel can be summoned to that mount and behold Moses and Elijah, the law and the prophets humbly paying court to the glorified Messiah. That will end all opposition. The nation will no longer be faithless or unbelieving. . . . Ineffably glorious as the scene has been already, it has not yet reached its climax. That cloud-shaped splendor that appeared to patriarchs and prophets, and rested on the golden wings of the cherubim, appears once more in these latter days. Moses, Elijah, Christ, law, prophecy, atonement, are all wrapped in one. But the superiority of Christ and His atonement is avouched for by the voice of the Father. If the law-giver and the prophet have such an exalted glory, what must be the divine majesty of the One in whose train they follow! He hath on His vesture a name written—'King of kings and Lord of lords.' In the supernal radiance of the transfiguration mount we worship thee O Christ! We acknowledge thee to be the Lord!

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The transfiguration is the heavenly Amen to the earthly confession of the divinity and Messiahship of Jesus. Hardly had that comprehensive creed framed itself on Peter's lips, and been consented to by the apostles than they were all shaken by the revelation of the ignominious death in store for the Messiah. That ineffable scene on Hermon fixed and settled a faith that was tottering to its fall. It nerved them for Gethsemane and Calvary. It was fitting that they should see the celestial evidences of His eternal Godhead and glory on the hither side of the cross. Before they saw His visaged marred; they were privileged to see it transfigured. . . . That scene had its merciful ministration for Jesus' self as well as His apostles. It was not merely scenic and pictorial; it was of substantial comfort to Him who was touched with a feeling of infirmity and tempted. . . . Well says Stier: 'He who for us is to enter by a voluntary death into glorification must first learn and actually experience in regard to himself, otherwise than by the knowledge arising from faith, that the glory of light and life is already present in his humanity; that it can break forth in him, and radiate from him, even without his passing through death.' . . . The descent from the Mount of Transfiguration was like a second descent from heaven—Jesus' earthly life in miniature. We see whence He came, what glory. He laid aside when he humbled Himself and took the form of a servant. . . . We have an example of the honor and joy of the ministering spirits sent forth to minister. Indescribable bliss, unapproaching dignity to hold high converse with the Man of Galilee and soothe and fortify Him as He approached His crucial experience! . . . These ministrants came from the grave, but from the grave conquered. Elijah experienced the 'change' which those who are alive at Jesus' second coming shall undergo. Moses died, but his body was probably immediately raised alive again. So the two are samples of the paradisaic form and appearance.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 17.—Topic—The glorified life. John xvii., 1-10, 22-24.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A FATHER'S ADVICE.

Monday June 11.—Solomon anointed. I. Kings i., 32-37.

Tuesday, June 12.—'God save the king.' I. Kings i., 38-40.

Wednesday, June 13.—His father's advice. I. Kings ii., 1, 2.

Thursday, June 14.—What Solomon wrote. Prov. iv., 1-5.

Friday, June 15.—Hear thy father. Prov. i., 8, 9.

Saturday, June 16.—Keep thy father's commandments. Prov. iv., 20.

Sunday, June 17.—Topic—A father's advice to his son. I. Kings ii., 1-3.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. It is easy in solitude to live after our own opinions; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

The Conversion of the Young

(James Small, in the 'Morning Star.')

No one can estimate the influence of a mother's care and love and labors. I shall thank God in life, and perhaps in eternity, for a mother who did what she could to obey that Scripture which saith: 'And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart. and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou walkest by the way and when thou liest down and when thou risest up.' To be sure it required work and patience, but what is gained without sacrifice?

And children thus taught in the home and in the Sunday school will, as a rule, open their young hearts to the Saviour, as the shut rose opens to the smile of the morning sun.

More and more, I think, the salvation of the young should be sought and prayed for. If they come early to Christ it will save them from many a sin and evil habit. It is a known maxim, that it is much more difficult to throw out than to let in. Every commission of sin introduces into the soul a certain degree of hardness, an aptness to continue in that sin. Every degree of entrance is a degree of possession. Sin is like heat—the second, third, and fourth degrees are more easily introduced than the first.

An English officer in explaining the power of England made this remark to an American general: 'England's policy has been never to allow an enemy to land.' Blessed and strong is the young soul that never allows an enemy to land. It is well known, by many a Christian, that the awful habit of sin, acquired before turning to Christ, itself constitutes a danger. How many mature Christians feel this keenly! Although they are strong in the Christian virtues, they bitterly lament their weakness in resisting the evil tendencies that the old habits of sin set in motion. So true is that, that a wise preacher has said, 'that if a man falls away from Christ it will generally be through his old besetting sin.' The old life still clings to the Christian. The ragged ends are still there. It is well for us to realize, then, that those who seek the Lord early will be saved many bitter and unavailing regrets.

Another mistake is made in regard to the conversion of the young. We expect too much of them. Wisely it has been said: 'Do not let us measure their qualifications by our bushel. We ought not to look for a gravity and deep appreciation of eternal things such as we find in grown persons. We have seen old sheep in the pasture field look anxious and troubled because the lambs would frisk. No doubt the children that were lifted by their mothers into Christ's arms and got his blessing, five minutes after he set them down, were as full of romp and play as before they came to him. We ought not to set the life of the young Christian to the time of "Old Hundred."'

It is told of an old Scotch minister, who proposed to keep back from the Lord's table a young woman whose knowledge he found very defective. Rising to go the girl burst into tears. 'It's true, sir, I canna speak for Him, but I think I could die for Him.' The poor girl knew the Saviour's love just as well, perhaps, as the under shepherd. And there are many children who cannot tell everything about faith or salvation, but, like the Scotch lassie, love him well enough to 'die for him.'

Spurgeon, not many years before his death, is reported to have said: 'I have, during the past year, received forty or fifty children into church membership. Among those I have had at any time to exclude from church fellowship, out of a church of twenty-seven hundred members I have never had to exclude a single one who was received while yet young.'

Any church will show, if a test is made, that the great majority of its very best members were brought to Christ when young. Life has but one summer, and this wasted, all is gone forever; and let the young gladly and faithfully then remember their Creator in the days of their youth.

Saloons Must Go.

(By Frances E. Willard.)

List to the tread of many feet,
From home and playground, farm and street;
They talk like tongues, their words we know:
Saloons, saloons, saloons must go.

For God they lift their flag of white;
His name is on their banners bright;
His law of purity doth show,
Saloons, saloons, saloons must go.

For home's sweet sake they move in line,
With mother-love their faces shine;
Their loyal hearts will have it so,
Saloons, saloons, saloons must go.

For native land their drums they beat;
Quick time they keep, with marching feet;
America, for thee they know
Saloons, saloons, saloons must go.

Thy kingdom come, O Saviour great,
In hearts and homes, in church and state;
But ere it comes, full well we know,
Saloons, saloons, saloons must go.

Sandy's Resolve.

It was a cold December morning, in the busy seaport of Westpool, and as Sister Agnes looked out of the window and saw the heavy black clouds she knew that she must prepare for a snowstorm. It was the day for visiting the Police Court, and let the weather be hot or cold, wet or dry, she never failed to be there to do what she could to help the unfortunate wrongdoers who were brought before the magistrates. She was a small woman and slenderly built, but a brave heart beat in her bosom, and the expression of her face indicated that she had a resolute will, and was not likely to shrink from the path of duty.

Having finished her breakfast, she opened her little text book to read the words of life which she felt to be as necessary for the sustenance of her soul as the food which she had just eaten was for the support of her body. The passage for the day was Psalm 119, verse 75, 'I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.' After a short time spent in prayer and meditation she quickly performed a few domestic duties, and then began to get ready to go to the Court. Her neat bonnet and substantial cloak would not easily spoil, and she took care that her feet were thoroughly warm before putting on her snow-boots; she chose a pair of warm woollen gloves, and, taking her umbrella from the stand, set forth on her errand of mercy.

The snow had already begun to fall in feathery flakes, and foot passengers quickened their pace so as to get a place of shelter. Sister Agnes also hastened her steps that she might reach the large entrance hall of the Police Station, where a good fire was always blazing. She was well known to all connected with the place; the chief constable called her his aide-de-camp; the six foot high policemen greeted the little woman with kind words, and often gave her useful information, and the magistrates valued her counsel when they had to deal with women and girls. As soon as she arrived one of the sergeants relieved her of her umbrella, which was white with snow, and helped her to shake the cold drops of moisture from her cloak.

'Are there any in the cells this morning?' enquired Sister Agnes.

'Three men and two women,' was the answer, 'drunk and disorderly,' as usual. It's the first time with all of them except the chap in No. 9. You know him well— that curly-haired sailor from the North, who gets locked up about once in three months, when his ship comes in.'

'Do you mean Sandy M'Dermot? I've tried hard to get him to sign the pledge, but he always laughs it off, and says why shouldn't he have a spree so long as he can pay the fine.'

'Well, he seems awfully down on his luck, this time. You'd better go to him first, and see if you can do him any good.'

Sister Agnes entered the cell, and was recognized by Sandy with a silent nod. She saw by his quivering lips and downcast eyes that he was in sore trouble, and with a few sympathetic remarks drew from him his story.

'You know, Sister, when a man's been on the stormy ocean ten or twelve weeks he likes to have a bit of pleasure when he gets to land. So I met some jolly fellows in the tap-room, and we played at cards and treated one another. I can't remember how it happened—things seem all muddled up in my mind—but I must have taken more whiskey than I intended, and perhaps there was a bit of quarrelling over the games. Anyhow, I was brought before the magistrates, and the policeman said it wasn't the first offence, so they sentenced me to pay nine and sixpence or else go to gaol for a week. The money must be handed over before 12 o'clock, and here I am with never a penny in my pocket! It's the worst scrape I've been in yet.'

'Can't you borrow something from one of your friends so as to pay the fine?'

'Nay, I've no friends here. We seafaring men don't stop long enough in a port to make friends.'

'But you must know a few people, because you come here every three months.'

'Well, there's the landlord of the Crown and Anchor. If I could only ask him he might help me, for I've spent many a sovereign at his bar, and he knows me well.'

'Would you like to send a message to him? I'll get one of the policemen to go.'

'Thank you, Sister; that would do finely. Ask him to lend me the nine and sixpence, and I'll pay him back faithfully.'

Sister Agnes left the cell and obtained permission for the message to be taken to the Crown and Anchor. She then went to see the two women, who were feeling deeply ashamed of their position, and gladly signed the pledge. Presently hearing the sound of a door being closed, as if someone had just gone out of No. 9, she went back to Sandy.

'Now then,' she began cheerfully, 'what message has he sent you?'

But Sandy's head was bowed down, and he made no reply.

'Come, tell me, have you got the money?'

Struggling to repress the emotion which almost choked him, he bluntly said 'No.'

'Why not? Was the landlord out? Won't he trust you? What reason did he give for refusing one of his best customers?'

With a strong effort to control his feelings, Sandy repeated the publican's answer. 'He said he couldn't send me any money because he'd just banked it all.' Then with an angry flash in his dark eyes he cried,

'He's had pounds and pounds out of my hard-earned wages, and now he won't lend me a paltry nine and sixpence to keep me from going to gaol. Stingy fellow!'

'Ah! what a pity that you spent so much, and now have nothing to show for it. Publicans have good food, and you've got prison fare; they lie on soft beds, and yours is a hard one.'

'It just is, and no mistake about it,' muttered Sandy.

'The landlord is at home with his wife and children, while you are separated from your family.'

The poor fellow groaned aloud and said, 'That's the worst of it; my ship sails tomorrow, and I shan't get back for Christmas nor even for New Year's Day. I promised my little Harry a horse and cart, and told Rosie she should have a new doll. My wife will be broken-hearted to think I'm in gaol, and all because that old miser of a landlord won't lend me nine and six.'

(To be continued.)

Three Young Men of Lee.

Tune: 'Three Maids of Lee.'

I.

There were three young men of Lee,
They were drunk as drunk can be,
For they had bumpers three times three,
And they were jolly as jolly can be,
These three young men of Lee.
And those young bums would proudly say,
'We take our liquor straight each day,
The Prohibition cranks shan't touch
Our liberty we prize so much;
What care we for our daddies' fears?
What care we for our mothers' tears?
Older men drink, and why not we?
We'll have all we want,' said the bums of Lee.
There were three young men of Lee,
They were drunk as drunk can be,
For they had bumpers three times three,
And they were jolly as jolly can be,
These three young men of Lee.

II.

There are two old sots at Lee,
They are poor as poor can be,
And one is lame, and one cannot see,
They are out at elbow and out at knee,
These two old sots at Lee.
The one that is lame had a heavy fall
On the ale-house floor in a drunken brawl;
The blind one lost his sight, they say,
By staggering near a blast one day;
The third was killed in a crowded street
By a loaded waggon he chanced to meet;
And they that survive might as well be dead,
For often their children cry for bread.
There are two old sots at Lee,
They are poor as poor can be,
And there they are and there they'll be,
Till death puts an end to their misery,
These two old sots at Lee.

—Edward Howe, in the 'Voice.'

A Judge's Story.

Sir John Bridge, the well-known London magistrate, was fond of telling his friends of a curious letter he received not long before his retirement from Bow-street. It ran: —'Sir,—I am sorry to occupy your time, but I feel I must write to thank you for having locked up my wife for six months. My wife had often come before the court for drunkenness, but after being fined she was worse. You were kind enough to give her six months, and she came back to me a reclaimed woman, and is now the best wife in England.' This letter was all the more valued by Sir John Bridge because he was ordinarily a lenient judge. He was apt to be severe in cases of brutality, but no magistrate was more inclined to be merciful to first offenders. Sir John was a 'holy terror' to cabmen, more especially should they have been unfortunate enough to be arraigned before him on charges of drunkenness and furious driving. In the case of the Jehu who would be summoned by too vigilant policemen for 'crawling' or such minor offences, he would temper justice with mercy; but it was a bad time for the imbibing cabby found drunk while in charge of a horse and cab. It was Sir John who showed the lead to other London magistrates to make it a custom in these cases, when there were previous convictions, to send the defaulter to prison without the option of a fine. 'A drunken man in charge of a horse and cab in the public street,' he once said, 'is a source of the greatest danger to the public. The public "must" be protected, and I "will" use my best endeavors to see that they are.'

'Were it not for alcohol,' says the 'British Medical Journal,' 'we might close nearly all our hospitals, prisons, orphanages and asylums, as there would be practically nothing for any doctors to do. Alcohol is a deadly poison, only to be classed with arsenic, strychnine, belladonna and henbane. If you cut off the moderate supply of alcohol entirely, you diminish the death and sick rates one-half, and abolish crime and poverty.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The Tone of the Voice.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not,
Whether you mean or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love, and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then, would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.

—The 'Youth's Companion.'

When Your Boy is Away.

(Edgar L. Vincent, in the Pittsburg 'Christian Advocate.')

'Don't you suppose we had better get a frame for the pictures in Ned's rooms? I mean those he brought home after the last term at school. There is the one of the football team he belonged to; and then, too, I think the one of the class he belonged to; would be nice framed. They are both good pictures. They are quite large, I know, and probably he did not expect them to be framed; and yet, I feel sure he would be pleased to find them all framed and hung in his room when he comes home at Christmas.'

'Then we will have them framed, wife. I will take them over this afternoon. I remember once when I came home mother had standing on my table a bit of a card neatly set in a frame she had made herself. It was a little "reward of merit" card—nothing more; and yet it never looked so good to me as after mother had fixed it that way.'

And you have not forgotten it yet! That is what I think about having these of Ned's framed. He will think of the old room here at home some day when perhaps he may not be able to come back, and the remembrance will lead to something else.'

Something else? Oh, yes. Back to the hearts and love of the dear ones who were there in the years gone by.

And so the pictures were framed. When Ned came back home at the midwinter vacation, there the two hung, on different sides of the room. In the corner was his tennis-racket. On the wall by the side of the dresser was his noseguard hung by its strap. Mother had not 'fired these out,' as Ned said some mothers would have done. There they were, reminders of the days when he played halfback on the school team, and saved the day by hard work.

'It was awfully good of you to think of a fellow this way, mother!' he said, sitting down where he could look the pretty room over, and see what had been done to make the room—his own room in the old home—as comfortable and cheery as possible. 'I thank you for it. I shall think of it when I go away.'

That is what we want, mothers. If we can keep the hearts of our boys glad when they think of the old home, we have gained a victory, for home means father and mother, the bright family fireside, good things, kind words, a shelter from the world's storm, and all that makes for higher and better manhood.

And if we can help the boys to know that while they are away we think of them, it will mean something, too. When we write to them, why not tell them that we often go into their room, and sit down, just because it is their room, and when we are there we think of them and wish for them all that is good and true. Suppose we take our writing material in there, and write our letter from that quiet place. It will touch a tender chord in the boy's heart as he snatches time away out there on life's busy highway to read the word from home.

We so little know what will be the thing which will strike the string in the young man's heart-harp! The other day I saw a letter in which a young man wrote home these words: 'I read father's letter over two or three times, so that I can be sure that I have not missed anything he wrote!' Do you think it can be that a young man who wants to know every single word father writes will stray very far away?

A minister went not long ago to stay at a private house in the city of St. Louis for a day or two. He says:

'I knew the lady had given me the boy's room. How did I know that? Here were the things he had used when he was at home—the ball and the racket and the paraphernalia of the playground; in the bookcase were the books the boy likes. Oh, yes; I could not help knowing that it was a boy's room. In a little while the mother said to me: "You saw that I put you in my son's room?" "Oh, yes; I noticed that and I wondered why." "He is away in Cuba with the army. I wondered if you would think of him when you prayed tonight. It would help him to know it!" Could I forget that request? No; I did remember the boy away across the water in a strange land. One day I learned that the boy had heard about my visit to his home, and what I had asked God to do for him. And he had written home such a letter, yearning for the old folks and the love he missed so much! "I am so lonely and so homesick," he wrote. "I miss your love! I shall be so glad to be back again! And, mother, when I come, it will be as a better boy, I hope, than I ever was before! Your love and His have found me, and brought me back to Him!"'

It pays to let the heart live with the boys when they are away from home.

Fitting Up the Guest Rooms to Afford Pleasure.

I have often heard the complaint, remarked a hostess the other day, 'that while the living rooms of the home gradually assume definite characteristics, the guest chamber lacks expression. Now, this is quite unnecessary, even when means are a matter of consideration.

'I have in mind just at the moment a man's guest chamber, furnished by a man for his men friends. The man was a Harvard graduate, and the floor was covered with Cambridge crimson. The same shade was dominant in the draperies, fine photographs of college buildings and teams were on the mantel and walls, a row of steins was on a narrow shelf above the door. The whole was simple but distinctive and full of suggestion.

'Another guest chamber I know had as motif a few furniture heirlooms of eighteenth century style. The bedstead and tester were draped with dainty chintz, and brass andirons stood in the low chimney place. Glass knobs were substituted for those of the present style in doors and dressing stand, and a copy of an old mirror hung over a high chest of drawers. The effect was unique and pleasing, and the room one not soon forgotten by its fortunate tenant.

'In contrast with this there comes to mind a guest chamber designed by a bride for the use of her girl friends. The dainty spread for the white enamelled bedstead was covered with forgetmenot sprays and painted forgetmenots decorated the toilet set and small china belongings of the dressing table. Screen and table scarf bore the same flower in delicate embroidery, and the walls were printed with the same. The paper of border and ceiling was of the shade of the pale green leaves, and the white muslin draperies were drawn back with light blue and green ribbons.

'Another simple arrangement for the guest chamber, and one which, among many, impressed itself on my memory, was a combination of sage green and yellow in a summer cottage. The furniture was of curly birch, and the woodwork yellow pine varnished and rubbed down. The papering was a sage green ingrain with a frieze of yellow Scotch roses. India silk draperies of the predominating colors hung in straight folds from window top to floor, and a good, old fashioned "sleepy hollow" chair was upholstered in green and yellow cretonne. The lines credited to Charles X. were painted on the long, narrow panel above the mantel board:

'"Close thine eyes and sleep secure,
Thy soul is safe, thy body sure!"

'Oh, no! it isn't really so difficult to design an inexpensive and yet artistic guest chamber, if one really puts one's heart into it.'—Exchange.

Sewing Room Notes.

(By Mary Taylor Ross, in the New England 'Homestead.')

A small pair of pointed scissors, hung from the sewing machine by means of a long ribbon tape, will prove very useful in coaxing the fine corners, and particular edges underneath the presser-foot, holding them down, and keeping them in good shape. They also save much very fine basting which would be necessary without their use.

One thing the home dressmaker ought always to possess, and that is a tailor's tape-measure. The question of 'fit' is so very important in these days that one cannot afford to make a mistake because of an inaccurate tape-measure. Purchase one of a tailor, and put it away in the sewing room where it will always be at hand when one finds it necessary to take important measurements.

One mother, who had a great deal of sewing to do for her large family of small children, did away with much buttonhole making on everyday trousers for the boys by sewing brass rings of different sizes to the bands of garments, and using them in place of buttonholes in exactly the same way. A short piece of linen tape (sometimes doubled) was passed through the ring, and this tape was sewed firmly to the cloth, holding the ring in place.

When stitching the seams of an organdy, or any other kind of thin goods that bothers by catching in the machine needle and puckering, cut strips of paper and baste them to the goods when the edges are basted together. The paper is easily pulled away when the stitching is completed, and the basting threads are removed. The oiled paper that lines cracker boxes is best for this use. Cut in narrow strips and lay over the seams and baste.

Selected Recipes.

CELERY SALAD.—Three stalks of celery cut small, one-half small, hard head of cabbage sliced fine. Mix thoroughly, lay upon lettuce leaves and serve with dressing made

THE MAPLE LEAF

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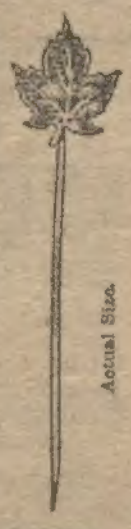

Actual Size.

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as follows: Rub together a piece of butter size of a walnut, and one tablespoonful of flour. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and scald for a moment. Add the beaten yolk of one egg and two tablespoonfuls of cream, a half-teaspoonful of salt and a scant saltspoonful of pepper. A delicious dressing, especially pleasing for those who dislike the mustard usually put in salad dressing.

BEEF TEA.—Mince or shred finely half a pound of lean beef, free from fat and gristle. Put it in an earthenware jar with half a pint of cold water, add a small pinch of salt, and let it stand for about half an hour. Place the jar in a stewpan with boiling water about three parts up the jar, cover the jar with buttered paper, and allow the water to simmer for about two hours; or place it in a fairly heated oven for three hours. Remove all particles of fat that may rise to the surface, then strain the contents of the jar, and serve the beef tea. A small quantity of good meat extract added to the above will give the beef tea a better flavoring, and it will make it more nourishing.

Religious Notes.

One of the most remarkable religious philanthropists of the world is Adeline, Countess Schimmelman, who recently concluded a special mission to soldiers and sailors in the cosmopolitan city of Cardiff.

The Countess is fifty-two years of age, and her life story forms a remarkable romance. For many years she has devoted her life to the welfare of the fishermen and sailors of Germany and Scandinavia, and her name is as well-known among them and as deeply respected as is that of Miss Agnes Weston in British ports.

The Countess can converse fluently in five languages, and several dialects. The ease with which she changed her speech while working among the cosmopolitan population of Cardiff, Wales, has been a matter of wonderment.

One of the most remarkable meetings she has attended during her visit to Wales was an underground service in one of the mines at six o'clock in the morning, before the miners began their work. The men sang and prayed, and listened attentively to an address by the Countess.

The Countess is a daughter of the late Count Lehnsgreve Schimmelman, and was born in the castle of Ahrensburg, in Holstein. Her early life was spent in the most exclusive aristocratic circles on the Continent, and for eighteen years she was maid of honor to the late Empress Augusta of Germany, the Kaiser's grandmother.—'Christian Age.'

By way of contrast with the gloomy pessimism of the foes of the Christian faith, who would endeavor, by gross misstatements, to shake the confidence of God's people, let us look at the actual facts relative to the progress of Christianity. Especially do we commend these facts to those who, either in pulpit or printed page, encounter the groundless assertion that Christianity is a 'dying religion.'

(1) Note the advance of Christianity through the last nineteen centuries:

Century	Christians.
1st	500,000
2nd	2,500,000
3rd	5,000,000
4th	10,000,000
5th	15,000,000
6th	20,000,000
7th	24,000,000
8th	30,000,000
9th	40,000,000
10th	50,000,000
11th	70,000,000
12th	80,000,000
13th	75,000,000
14th	80,000,000
15th	100,000,000
16th	125,000,000
17th	155,000,000
18th	200,000,000
Present time (est'd)	490,000,000

The explanation of the remarkable increase in the last one hundred years is to be found in the growth of foreign missions. In the year 1800, there were probably not more than a score of foreign mission stations; now there are over 5,000, with more than 15,000 outstations. The army of Christian workers in the foreign field to-day is little short of 100,000. This, it should be remembered, is the progress of a single century, and in one direction only.

(2) The Lord Bishop of Ripon, a distinguished English prelate and leading authority, gives these figures, showing the increase of the power and influence of Christianity in the last 300 years. Of the earth's total land surface of 50,000,000 square miles, in the year 1600, 3,480,000 square miles were under Christian influence, and 45,619,100 square miles non-Christian. In the year 1900 the situation had been reversed. 40,317,200 square miles of the world's land surface were under Christian influence, and only 8,782,300 non-Christian.

Right here, what has the century witnessed? In 1800, according to Dr. Josiah Strong (who is considered good authority), there were some 3,030 Christian churches in America, with 2,651 ministers and 364,872 communicants. 1850 saw these figures increased to 43,072 churches, 25 555 pastors, and 3,529,988 communicants. In 1890, the churches numbered 142,599, with 93,776 pastors and 13,417,180 communicants. These figures do not include the statistics of the Catholic churches, which would swell them by many millions more.

Thus the old Bible, with the religion it teaches, is steadily overcoming all barriers, and will continue to do so. The Church of Christ never goes backward. When you find infidels bombarding it, sceptics flouting it, pessimists calling it a 'dying religion,' and all its enemies clamorous in slandering and misrepresenting it, just direct their attention to these indisputable facts and figures. When they can prove them false and reverse the record of history for the last twenty centuries, then they may claim a right to a hearing, but not before. And for those, who, in the face of all the evidence at hand, still call Christianity 'a dying religion,' and blindly persist in following the path of error, instead of walking in the light of truth, we can only have the sincerest pity.

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